witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, aplague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, Ile ſtarue e're Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leaue theſe rogues; I am the verieſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is threeſcore and ten miles afoote with me: and the ſtonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot bee true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horſe, you rogues, giue me my horſe and be hangd.

Prince Peace ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leavers to liſt me vp againe being downe? zbloud ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer; what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horſe, good kings ſonne.

Prince Out you rogue, ſhal I be your Oſtler

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſacke be my poiſon: when jeaſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it,

Enter Gadſ-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Falſ.* So I do againſt my will.

Poines O tis our ſetter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar: Caſe yee, caſe yee, on with your vizardes, theres money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the kings exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad: Theres enough to make vs all.

Falſ: To be hanged.

Prince You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poines and I will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto: But how many be they of them?

Gad: Some eight, or ten.

Falſ: Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince What! a coward ſir *Iohn* Pawnch?

Falſ: Indeede I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* your grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

Prince Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poines Sirra *Iacke*, thy horſe ſtandes behinde the hedge, when thou needſt him, there thou ſhalt find him: farewell, & ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd.

Prince Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poines Here hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ: Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I, euery man to his buſineſſe. *Enter the Trauelers*

Trauel: Come neighbor, the boy ſhall leade our horſes downe the hill, weele walke afoote a while, and eaſe our legges.

Theeues Stand. *Trauel.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon caterpillers! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Trauel: O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Falſ: Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men muſt liue, you are grand jurers, are yee? weele jure yee yfaith. *Exeunt*

Here they rob them, and binde them: Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prince The theeues haue bound the true men: now could thou and *I* rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good jeſt for euer.

Poines Stand cloſe, *I* heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ: Come my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and Poines be not twoo arrand cowardes there's no equitie ſtirring, theres no more valour in that Poines than in a wilde ducke.

Prince